

FATHER, SON, & DAUGHTER.

A TRIO.

BY JOHN TAYLOR.

SON.

O, GLADLY I'd go to the land of the west,
And dwell with the people Jehovah has bless'd ;
O, Father, dear Father, why will you not come,
And take us away to the land of our home ?

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Go with us, dear Father, to Zion, our home.*

DAUGHTER.

O, yes, dearest Father, why will you not go ?
For God says his Saints unto Zion shall flow ;
Celestial blessings to us he'll impart ;
And we'll dwell with the pure, & the upright in heart.

Home, home, &c., &c.

FATHER.

But, my dearest children, the journey is long ;
Your mother is feeble, and I am not strong ;
And if we should sicken and die on the way,
You would then think with us, it were better to stay.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The place of your childhood, there's no place like home.*

SON.

But, Father, the Lord has revealed his truth,
And told us to flee from the land of our youth ;—
That judgments ere long will the nations o'erflow :
To escape all these evils we wish you to go.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;
Go with us, dear Father, to Zion, our home.*

DAUGHTER.

And, Father, I'll help you in this lonely way ;
I'll comfort and watch you, by night and by day ;
And angels will guard you, sustain you and bless,
And God will impart the sweet comfort of peace.

Home, home, &c., &c.

FATHER, SON, AND DAUGHTER.

O, yes, then we'll go to the land of our rest ;
For what God ordains us, must surely be best :
We'll journey to Zion, and trust in the Lord,
And, if faithful, partake in the righteous' reward.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
We will all go together to Zion, our home*

